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By Drake De Kay

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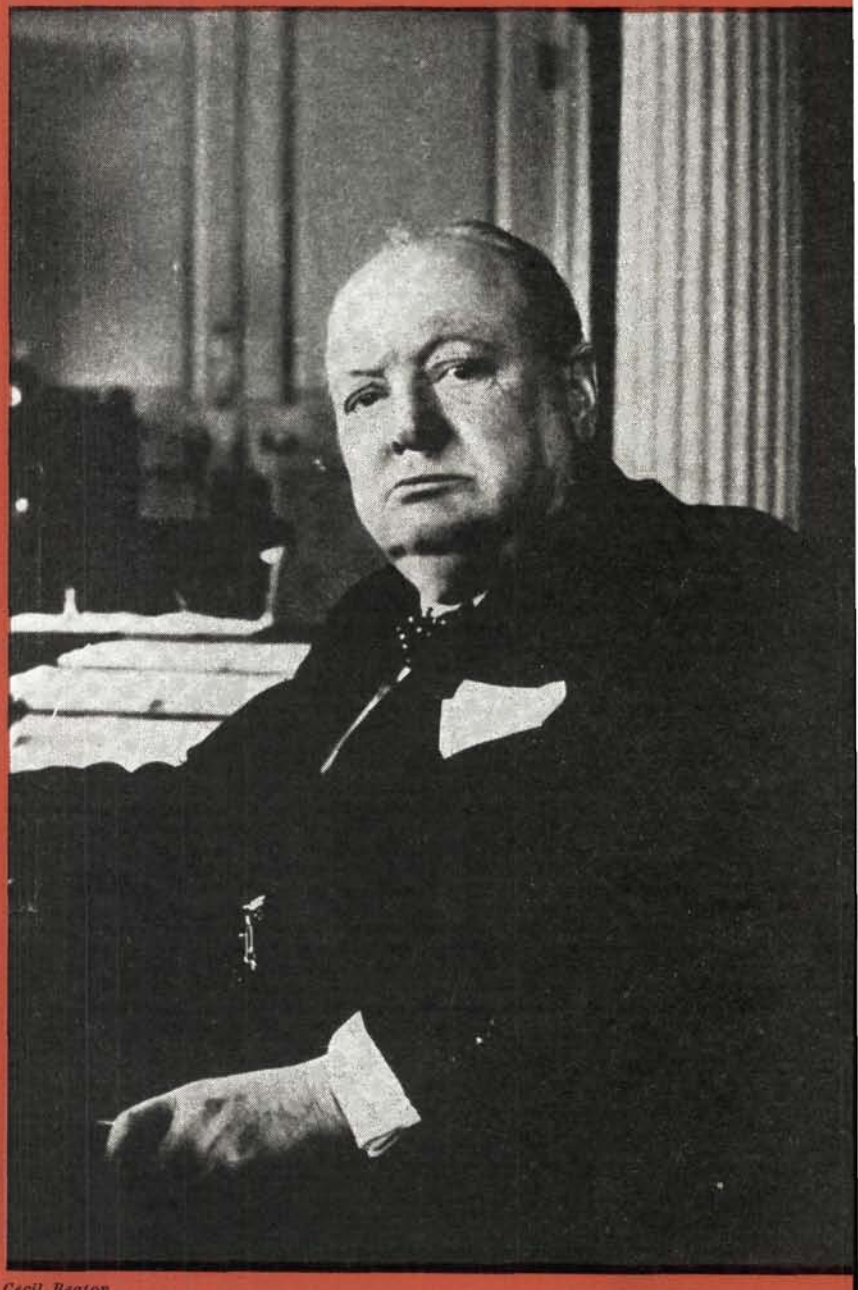

Cecil Beaton

WINSTON CHURCHILL. "If British democracy wins this war, he will rank with Abraham Lincoln in the annals of freedom." *(See page 5)*

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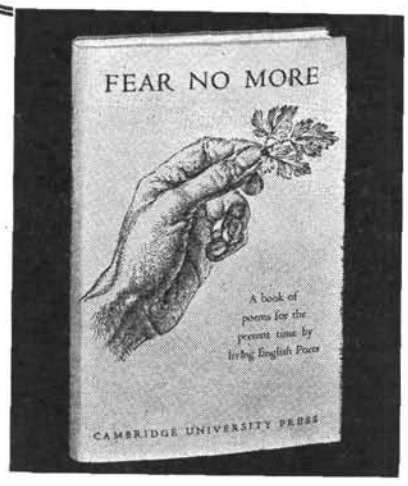

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Bozzaris and Greek Freedom

DRAKE DE KAY

WHEN Prince Mavrocordato welcomed Lord Byron at Missolonghi on the 5th of January, 1824 enthusiasm for the Greek revolutionaries had risen to fever heat in liberal circles. Philohellenic committees everywhere were raising money for the cause. In Paris and London fashionable hostesses solicited subscriptions from their callers, while the stream of volunteers flowed in swelling volume toward the Aegean. French and English veterans of the Napoleonic wars, Scandinavians, Swiss, Belgians, Dutchmen, Americans were enlisting under the Greek standard. Only five months prior to this historic meeting Marco Bozzaris and his gallant three hundred Suliotes after a forced march of forty miles sprang a night attack on the vanguard of the Turkish army advancing to reinforce Missolonghi's besiegers. Four thousand disciplined and seasoned troops were routed by a *coup de main* that saved Missolonghi, though at cost of the patriot leader's life. Europe and America were electrified.

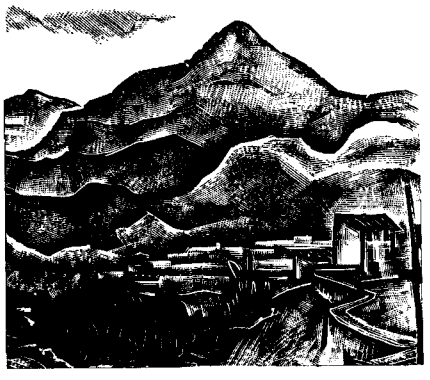
For faint-hearted liberals in Greece and abroad, Laodiceans of democracy who, whatever their public declarations, privately argued the futility of resisting a mighty empire, here was incontrovertible evidence that God does not always side with the heaviest battalions. Mourning Bozzaris, the Greeks called him "the Epaminondas of the Revolution." What memories of Theban heroism pitted against brute Spartan might that epithet stirred in every cultivated mind throughout the world!

Early in December of the same year of 1823 Daniel Webster introduced a resolution to defray the expense of "an Agent or Commissioner to Greece whenever the President shall deem it expedient to make such an appointment." Thus he set the stage for his celebrated oration on Greek Independence delivered before a joint session of Congress six weeks later, a speech which still further inflamed American opinion against the Ottomans, and, more importantly, constituted a direct provocation of one of the oldest and most powerful empires by one of the youngest and weakest nations.

Since the turn of the century we had fought three foreign wars, two of them with the Barbary pirates, but within the last twelve months, as though repenting our brashness, we had solemnly declared that henceforth we would observe strict neutrality in conflicts of old world nations provided they abstained from any aggression in our hemisphere: this was the countersense of the Monroe Doctrine. Yet here was one of our most distinguished statesmen urging a course that seemed to lead directly to a situation where war with an old world power would be inevitable! What spiritual forces could impel a man of fine scruple, as jealous of his country's honor as of his own, to such an apparent contradiction? And why, taking a practical view, should we make public profession of our sympathy with the Greek insurgents, risking war with the Sultan merely because he offended us by massacring a few thousand of his subjects?

> Our history, our situation, our character, necessarily decide our position and our course before we have even time to ask whether we have an opposition. Our place is on the side of free institutions.

This passage from the oration gives the key to Webster's political ideas: the State for him is no sacred cow to be worshipped and slavishly obeyed; rather, it is a human institution, as human as Daniel Webster, and like him it must speak out loud and bold when human decencies are violated anywhere in the world. Here he counseled the American people to conduct their intercourse with foreign countries on a plane of high morality. The State is as amenable to the moral law as the individual, and it is the *same* moral law, no mystical super-morality such as this new fangled Teuton-Slav coalition calling itself the Holy Alliance attempts to impose on modern democracies!



WEBSTER revealed himself a romantic rather than a realist in the Greek cause. He expressed the feelings of Americans with a traditional and instinctive hatred of tyranny, but he also echoed the sentiments of such representative European leaders of opinion as Chateaubriand, Hugo, Beranger, and Byron himself. Inevitably he was on the other side of the fence from Metternich, the high priest of absolutism, who preached, with some initial success, the black gospel of Machiavelli. Characteristically, none of the crowned heads of Europe evinced the least sympathy for martyred Greece. One can understand their point of view: even the most liberal monarch feels mistrustful of popular movements that menace established order. And no doubt many a constitutional monarch in the 1820s secretly prayed for the success of Prince Metternich's concept of a new system, a wave of the future which would sweep the world clean of governments built on the shifting sands of popular suffrage and leave not merely untouched but reinvigorated those others of a sadly enervated absolutist tradition. How much more comfortable Europe had been before the French Revolution!

> Even the edifice in which we assemble, these proportioned columns, this ornamental architecture, all remind us that Greece has existed,

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and that we, like the rest of mankind, are greatly her debtors.

This climax to Webster's summing up of the modern world's debt to Greece with its appeal to the pride of all Americans in their national Capitol may have been shrewdly calculated for his hearers, but undoubtedly he had a genuine admiration for the architectural genius of the Greeks, if not Jefferson's passion for it. Webster's Philhellenism was much more the product of his legal training, his studies in classical law and rhetoric, his recognition that the archytype of our free form of government was Grecian.

GREAT as was the immediate effect on our opinion of Webster's oration, its importance, considered from the modern point of view as philhellenic propaganda, did not begin to approach that of Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," first published in the *American Review* for June 1825, and reprinted in 1827 with the author's collected poems. It is always difficult to assess the precise value a particular literary work may have in influencing national policy, but when governments follow popular trends—which lead as often to war as to peaceful solutions—how frequently it happens that one of Shelley's "unacknowledged legislators," some poet, has anticipated the elected law makers. That "Marco Bozzaris" intensified American sympathy for the Greeks is a small matter in itself: the question is what, if any, influence did its publication have on the outcome of the war?

Here we must recall that just as the successful issue of our own war of independence was decided by the French intervention, so that of the Greeks was decided by the French, English, and Russian intervention in the fall of 1827. While in the latter case strategic and political considerations were the major motivations, so complex and delicate was the continental situation it is doubtful that England and France would ever have come to an agreement to take united action but for the pressure of public opinion. Educated by their poets and intellectuals the middle classes had long been aware that down in the Balkans was occurring another phase of the perennial struggle of barbarism vs. civilization, that despite the Greeks' incurable spirit of faction which made their most successful military campaigns so often abortive politically, they were, indeed, the champions not only of Christianity but of modern liberalism in the conflict with the forces of absolutist reaction.

The dramatic episode of Lord Byron, the brilliant exploits of the French Colonel Fabvier, of the English General Church, Lord Cochrane taking over direction of the Greek navy, the heroic defense of the Acropolis, massacres of Greeks by Turks and vice versa, internecine feuds and even civil wars fought during the long drawn-out struggle—all these, as reported in the European and American press, focussed popular attention on the issues. What a travail was Hellas suffering in her rebirth!

When at long last the powers ceased their diplomatic wrangling and the allied fleets on October 27th, 1827, destroyed the combined Turkish-Egyptian fleet at Navarino in an action which, with its sequel of the Russo-Turkish War of 1828-29, assured the Greeks their final victory, that happy outcome undoubtedly was due largely to the influence of world opinion expressing itself in a hundred diverse ways in favor of liberty and in opposition to tyranny. The songs of the poets had roused the emotions of the people. France and England finally went all-out for a renascent Greek democracy on the demand of middle class citizens who saw in the defeat of Greek aspirations the destruction of all they and their forefathers had fought for at home.

TO what extent American opinion as a whole influenced the course of that war it is difficult to estimate. The Greeks were keenly aware of the growing power of the United States. The phenomenal expansion of American shipping in the eastern Mediterranean during the last decade of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth interested these traders of an ancient maritime tradition. They were also impressed by American fighting qualities demonstrated close at hand against their corsair rivals of the North African littoral. A third factor, and not least important, was the recognition of the young Western nation as an example of successful political evolution, the final attainment of national unity by a group of provinces with conflicting interests. The Greek farmers and fishermen who rang the tocsin in 1821 identified themselves with the Yankees of Lexington. Greece heard more than the shot fired by our embattled farmers. She heard and remembered the homely aphorisms of Benjamin Franklin. The sage whom Mirabeau described as "one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and liberty," the man who was not only wise, witty, and kind, but who knew how to make a shrewd yet honest profit on commercial transactions, was a man after their own hearts. One of the two strong points near the center of the redoubt defending Missolonghi

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The Granite That Is Churchill

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS. By Winston S. Churchill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 462 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

IT is hazardous to assess the historic position of any public figure while he is still alive. The danger is reduced, however, in the case of Mr. Churchill. If British democracy wins this war, Winston Churchill will rank with Abraham Lincoln in the annals of freedom. If Britain goes down, it will be because the people of England did not heed Churchill until too late.

In an era when mass opinion controls the actions of every government, whether democratic or dictatorial, public leaders must not only be men of action; they must also be men of words. They must know how to evoke responses from the masses. The test of a great democratic leader is whether he can do this without resorting to the false demagoguery of the totalitarians. Judged by this test, Mr. Churchill in this volume of speeches proves his greatness. For he is master both of the spoken and written word. Randolph Churchill, his son, who edited these speeches, does not tell us how they are prepared. If written out before delivered they would be remarkable enough; if spoken extemporaneously they would be more remarkable still.

There are two reasons why Mr. Churchill probably will go down in history as the greatest statesman of the present era. The first is that before coming to power he was a lonely prophet who, without fear of the consequences, repeatedly challenged the ghastly self-complacency and blindness of the British governing class and, indeed, British public opinion during the past twenty years. Secondly, and of even more importance, he has shown truly great capacity in rallying the people of England to supreme effort in an hour of unprecedented peril.

The speeches in this volume go back to May, 1938, more than a year before the outbreak of the present war. They begin with a protest against the surrender of the three Irish bases. Mr. Churchill foresaw that without the use of these bases the British Navy would have great difficulty in resisting a German blockade in time of war. In address after address, Mr. Churchill also criticized his own Party for its failure adequately to rearm Britain or create a Ministry of Supply. Although a belated convert to collective security (as well as to Anglo-American friendship), he repeatedly urged in this period the revival of the League of Nations, the creation of a Democratic Coalition against aggressors, and friendship with Russia despite his dislike for its internal regime. One of the earliest opponents of appeasement, Churchill denounced the Munich settlement as "a disaster of the first magnitude." He unerringly predicted that it would soon be followed by the complete destruction of Czechoslovakia.

If Churchill is one of the few public figures who correctly analyzed the nature of the present world crisis, he demonstrated his superb leadership only after becoming Prime Minister following the German break-through in the West last May. His first success was in forming a Coalition Government, combining trade unionists with conservatives. He accompanied this concrete achievement by a series of stirring messages to the British public telling them the truth and preparing them for the worst. But instead of creating a sense of despair and defeatism, he aroused a sense of unity and a determination for sacrifice and heroism without precedent in modern history.

In an era marked by the revolt of the masses, it is rather remarkable that England should turn to one of its unconventional Conservatives in an hour of great peril. Mr. Churchill has never shared the uncritical pacifist faith of modern liberalism. He distrusts utopias; and he has an old-fashioned sense of sin. His strength today lies in the very fact that he does embody British tradition. A member of one of England's oldest families of whom the Duke of Marlborough was previously the most distinguished member, Churchill is the embodiment of the history of England. He is one of England's most accomplished writers and historians—the author of a dozen or more books; but to the British public he has revivified the memories of Trafalgar even more through his personality and character than through his intellect.

Churchill no doubt has the defects of his virtues. His very mastery of the field of strategy and military history makes it difficult for him to delegate authority, particularly in these fields. So far, moreover, he has failed to show adequate leadership on the economic front—England still lacks a satisfactory wage and price policy. Nevertheless, Churchill stands for the British method of solving problems one at a time by trial and error. British moral tenacity in the long run should overcome defects in expert knowledge.

Although the Prime Minister declines to make any formal statement of peace aims, these speeches reveal an understanding of the nature of the present struggle and of the type of society, national and international, which must be created if freedom is to survive. Churchill is prepared to remove the legitimate grievances of aggressor nations but only after they have abandoned their militarism. Likewise, Churchill is not oblivious to the needs of the humble people. Even before war came he declared, "We see great hopes for the future of all the world. We see the opportunity of lifting, through the aid of science, all the men in all the lands to a far higher level of well-being and culture than was ever possible before. It is an opportunity which has never come to mankind before. . . . There is no more far reaching investment for a nation than to put milk, food and education into young children." Under Mr. Churchill's leadership a new conservatism may arise in England, as well as in America, which will find an answer to the dual scourges of unemployment and war, but which will base reforms upon traditional foundations and the moral values of the past. If such a conservative rebound takes place, Mr. Churchill's position will be far greater in history than that of a success leader in a second World War.

A Secretarial View

I WAS WINSTON CHURCHILL'S SECRETARY. By Phyllis Moir. New York: Wilfred Funk Inc. 1941. $1.75.

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

MR. CHURCHILL is now the glamour boy; all is forgiven; those wild political adventures, that albatross of the Dardanelles around that plethoric neck, the monstrously insistent role of Cassandra, the pin-pricking of the Baldwin balloon, the downpour of scorn through the holes of the Chamberlain umbrella. Today, the man of the hour, defiant and unquenchable in all his greatness, he lacks no chorus.

I was afraid Miss Moir's book was one more contribution to the pyre of incense. It is all that, but it is much more. There is so much, those of us who know and admire this man, could say with engaging indiscretion. He is the stuff of which legends are made. He is not only a colossus of brain and physical courage, he can be a momentary apparition of rudeness, truculence, and inconsiderate impetuosity.

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Fisher . . .

CITY OF ILLUSION. By Vardis Fisher. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 382 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

MR. FISHER'S novel summons the resurrection, in the flesh, of Virginia City, that one-time pretentious and profligate mining-camp of the great Comstock silver lode in western Nevada. Taken by and large, sizable western mining-camps have much the same aspects of a community in ferment; but Virginia City, nurtured by the greedy "silver rush" from the California towns and diggings across the near Sierra, within a few months at the beginning of the Sixties was dominated by a foot-loose horde ripe for the wildest extravagances.

The story opens with the tentative first discoveries. Thenceforth, unreservedly told as it is, it might still have been but another recountal, in fiction, of bizarre mining-camp characters and events, had not Mr. Fisher built it around the Scotch woman, early a miners' boarding-housekeeper, who in the annals of the day was Eilley Orrum, twice married before she starred as Mrs. Sandy Bowers, ambitious, with her sudden wealth, to be the community up-lifter and "Queen of the Comstock."

Probably no other camp in the West has been so exploited in fact and fancy as Virginia City. With the immense amount of anecdotal material at hand, the story seems occasionally forced into a sight-seeing tour by which all doors are flung wide to the reader. And whether story strength is gained by lavish printing of the obscene and accepted unspeakable some readers, who may regard their minds as their castles, may question. The governing interest, however, curiosity aside, maintains in the actions and reactions of this sturdy, shrewd, simple, at times pathetic woman, of a community of miners, gamblers, killers, bums, saloon-keepers, dancehall-keepers, speculators, strumpets, and courtesans, with a leaven of the merely eccentric.

Assured by her gift of second-sight that she has a fortune in silver, Eilley adopts the runty teamster and prospector, Lemuel Sanford Bowers, by marrying him. He appeals with a certain humble morality and she needs a male. Her two previous marriages had failed of children, and she has hopes of Mr. Bowers, who can moreover manage their silver properties. Viewed through the Virginia City magnifying glass Mr. Bowers, to her, is a financial genius.

The $10,000 a week income from her ten-foot claim taken in payment of a board-bill, and from the abutting ten-foot claim of Sandy, brings the responsibilities of European travel, home-town improvement, a "Bowers Mansion"—constructed and furnished at a cost of $407,000, as the record runs. The irksome magnificence drives Sandy to his old-days shack and habits, but her confidence in his abilities persists. She has proof of his loyalty to her when after his death she finds, among his treasured possessions, his first and only tooth-brush, her gift to him.

Virginia City was uninspired by her ideals, save as it ridiculed her or preyed upon her. As young Steve Gilpin of the *Enterprise* advised her, Virginia City wished no "culture," it wished to be itself. And at the last she saw the half-breed girl, Nita, turned harlot, playing the triumphant lady over her who had thought to be a lady. Bankrupt she was, by the mysterious carelessness of Mr. Bowers, and the pressure of the San Francisco mining operators. She has become the "Seeress of the Washoe," believing in the superior destiny of herself and her Virginia City to the end of those illusions upon which she and many another had fed.

Vardis Fisher

Kaiden Kazanjian

Robert Nathan

Nathan . . .

THEY WENT ON TOGETHER. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 191 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. NATHAN may truly say with the French author that, though his glass may be small, he drinks out of his glass. A novel from his hand is as unmistakably by him as a Chopin composition is unmistakably by Chopin. Indeed, the comparison runs deeper than the mere matter of individuality—there is in both artists, otherwise so different, the same approach to their imaginative problems, the same pleasure in solving that problem in small space and with economy of means, the same elegance, and the same Sarmation melancholy. For Mr. Nathan, who was originally an aristocratic and occasionally an acrid satirist, has abandoned satire in his later books, including "They Went on Together," substituting for it an almost equally aristocratic sentimentalism, an aristocratic pity. "The Bishop's Wife" was an amused comment on human foibles. "They Went on Together," is no longer merely amused, no longer merely about human foibles, and no longer merely a comment. It is Mr. Nathan's small contribution to the growing literature of admiration about the Little Man.

The substance of "They Went on Together" is of the simplest. The enemy planes invade a country that sometimes seems to be France and sometimes seems to be the United States, and the small and very American boy, Paul, his tinier sister Marie Rose, and their mother are compelled to flee before the bombers, pushing their few provisions before them in a perambulator. A lost but sturdy girl named Sylvie joins the party, and the two older children suffer the experiences which, alas! too many children in Europe, Asia, and Africa have endured. The emotional responses of the children are the emotional responses of any American boy and girl, and in their inarticulateness Mr. Nathan finds opportunity for that mingling of sentiment and pathos which has replaced satire in his fiction.

Mr. Nathan has been known as the creator of satiric fantasy; and it is interesting to see the formula suffer a sea change in his later books. I have said that this novel is a contribution to the literature of praise for the Little Man. That is to say Mr. Nathan makes the Little Man even smaller, by the simple device of reducing him to

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The Anatomy of English Literature

THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. In four volumes. By F. W. Bateson. New York: The Macmillan Co. (Cambridge: University Press.) 1941. $32.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

THE four volumes of the "Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature" run to about thirty-five hundred pages of double columned octavo pages. Volumes I-III give us the bibliographical entries for the period from 600 to 1900 and Volume IV is an index volume of about 300 pages. It is probably the most important instrument of scholarship that will appear in the combatant countries so long as this war continues and its publication must indicate England's desire to maintain and further, to some degree at least, the normal work of scholars.

The compilation of the materials for the Cambridge Bibliography has been carried on for years by a group of perhaps two hundred contributing scholars and their share of the work had in some cases been completed six years ago. The earlier sections of Volume I contain no entry later than 1935 and the latest entries in Volume III run only to 1938. The volumes do not, therefore, bring us entirely up to date. Prospective users of the volumes should bear in mind the editor's warning that a work of reference is a machine for answering questions and "the C.B.E.L. sets out to record, as far as possible in chronological order, the authors, titles, and editions, with relevant critical matter, of all the writings in book-form (whether in English or Latin), that can still be said to possess some literary interest by natives of what is now the British Empire, up to the year 1900."

It is worth noting that in accordance with the generally accepted trend, literature proper is regarded as a nationalistic product while scholarship is not. For that reason, names of American men of letters like Hawthorne or Mark Twain or Walt Whitman do not appear. These pages throughout are, however, dotted with references to monographs and articles by American scholars. Naturally the contributions of foreign scholars, French and German particularly, are also included. Evidently there is nothing in the nature of the work of English writers like Shakespeare or Byron or Dickens which prevents the foreigner from penetrating to their innermost secrets. We may assume from the extensive sections devoted to Intellectual Background, Education, Political and Social Conditions, etc., that it was the aim of the editor to include all material that would assist in making English writers intelligible. There is a section devoted particularly to Literary Relations with the Continent. Oddly enough there is no section devoted to literary relations with the United States. Since the hulls of the great sea going ships of English literature are so heavily barnacled with articles that often seem to have only a retarding effect, this makes some of the pages look oddly Alexandrian. So, for instance, the reader is given, as was fitting, a list of all the publications of Edward Carpenter and there is a short section on biographical and critical works upon him, including the books of the American, Crosby, and the Frenchman, Senard. Walt Whitman is not mentioned and yet an intelligent reading of "Leaves of Grass" and "Democratic Vistas" will throw more light on Carpenter's prose and poetry than all the learned works about him.

On the whole the aspect of English literature that seems least well handled is precisely this matter of "foreign influences." Emerson seems nowhere to have received his due and the Essays are given a cursory listing only in the rather vast Intellectual Background section. So far as space goes, French authors come off much better though the works and titles mentioned leave much to be desired and the method employed is often altogether too summary and in some cases misleading. So, for instance, under Maupassant the titles of his volumes selected do not include his best work, like "Boule de Suif." Of the studies on Maupassant the best, like Ernest Boyd's "Maupassant," is not mentioned. Without comment we then have listed under Maupassant the titles of works by English writers who presumably best represent his influence. The four here selected are Hubert Crackanthorpe's "Wreckage,"

Ernest Dowson's "Dilemmas," Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets" and Sir Frederick Wedmore's "Renunciations." In style and spirit Wedmore's work does not belong in this category. It is doubtful whether Dowson's does. Poor Crackanthorpe's "Wreckage" and Morrison's "Tales" owe much to naturalistic ideas and technique but they are far from being striking examples of Maupassant's influence. In the section devoted to Hugo it is little less than shocking to be told that Swinburne's "Bothwell" derives from Hugo's terrible "Cromwell!" The problems involved are too complex to be treated in this fashion and on the whole the chapters dealing with England's literary relations to other literature are to the present reviewer the least satisfactory.

1914 would seem to many to have made a more fitting terminal date than 1900. On this point the editor has wisely allowed himself considerable latitude and has included all authors who had obtained recognition by the turn of the century. So Yeats, for instance, is included but Joyce and T. S. Eliot are not. At least Eliot is not listed as poet or writer. He does, however, manage to pass the censor as a scholar, thanks to his article on "The Place of Pater." Though studies of Baudelaire are included, Eliot's far more important estimate of the French poet is not mentioned. This whole problem of how to deal with the great mass of articles and monographs evidently troubled the editor when it came to preparing the index volume. Writers of articles have multiplied and become more fruitful in the last seventy years. If all their names had been indexed they would surely have outnumbered the poets, novelists, and critics. For that reason the names of scholars who have illumined what is dark in English literature have not been included if they wrote after 1870.

Nearly a hundred years ago Ste. Beuve lamented that the day of the professional man of letters who had learned his art was passing. The public was no longer insisting that the writer possess literary quality. He was evidently thinking of the fact that the modern reader preferred "true stories" of experience to well written narrative. Any one who will compare a number of one of the "quality magazines" of 1870 with one today will notice the change. It is strikingly evident as the C.B.E.L. moves down into the nineteenth century. The field fans out and the genres blur. The editor

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begins to include all sorts of writing on all manner of subjects. An increasing amount of the writing is done by scientists and specialists in all fields, historians, political scientists, economists, educators, etc. There are, for instance, special sections devoted to Childrens Books and twenty-two pages of double column entries on The Literature (*sic.*) of Sport. This does include a few items like Tom Hood's "The Epping Hunt" (with illustrations by George Cruikshank 1829) and Trollope's "British Sports and Pastimes." But it includes much which only the wildest sports fan would follow the editor in acclaiming as "literature." Without attempting to force an entry into the lower registers one cannot help noting such items as *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

Since particularly in the later period the C.B.E.L. spreads out to cover virtually the entire field of writing we can expect complete bibliographies on only minor figures. It is interesting to note, however, how the space devoted to the great figures is distributed. Shakespeare leads by a considerable margin with sixty-nine pages. "Hamlet" receives at least three times as much attention as any other single play does. Oddly enough, perhaps because of "scholarly interest," "Troilus and Cressida" receives more space than "Othello" or "Macbeth," Chaucer is second with forty-one. Byron of the poets runs third with twenty-five. Of the other poets, Milton receives ten pages, Wordsworth seven, Coleridge seven, Beowulf six, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning five each. Of the novelists Dickens has twenty pages to Thackeray's six.

If in comparison to Lanson's beautifully arranged "Manuel Bibliographique" the C.B.E.L. suffers from its cumbersome inclusiveness, as an example of the printer's art it is far superior. The choice of type and arrangement of items on the page is admirable. It is by all odds the most useful bibliographical tool that the reader, the student, or teacher of English literature can have at his command.

Princeton University Press announces the recent addition of Elmer Adler, formerly the editor of *The Colophon,* to the staff. Mr. Adler was head of the Pynson Printers and an associate founder of Random House. He is noted as a connoisseur and collector of books and printing. He arrived in Princeton in the autumn of 1940, bringing with him an imposing library of over 8,000 books and 4,000 prints and establishing himself at 40 Mercer Street. His mission is to promote interest in the graphic arts in the university community and to assist the Press in creating distinctive printing.

The Golden Age of Biography

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND. By Donald A. Stauffer. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1941. 2 *vols.* $8.50. *Each volume separately* $5.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON

THERE may be a question whether studies in comparatively recent English should not be ranked as *belles lettres* rather than scholarship, since the loftier spirits of learning demand a more strenuous discipline than such studies imply. But, speaking as a mere amateur in such matters, I feel strongly that this admirable book on English biography deserves to be ranked as a work of scholarship. It covers with thoroughness and accuracy the biographical literature of the eighteenth century, which to the best of my knowledge has never been done before on this scale.

Mr. Stauffer has made excellent use of his reading time at the Bodleian, the British Museum, and Princeton libraries. He introduces us not only to such familiar literary figures as Gibbon, Boswell, Garrick, Walpole, but to the semi-known such as Mason, Fanny Burney, and John Macdonald (the travelling valet who claimed the glory of introducing the umbrella to England) and a whole host of biographies and autobiographies of eccentrics, wanderers, criminals, courtesans, and the like, certainly unknown to the general reader and probably to most specialists. A man who has nothing to learn from this book is either a dullard or a great expert in eighteenth century literature.

It would be an injustice to say that Mr. Stauffer has written a Baedeker's guide to his subject, although he is equally compendious. His book is on an altogether higher level. It has a good but unpretentious style, written with a gusto which unconsciously and most pleasantly reveals the author's genuine enthusiasm for letters. The writing of this book, one feels, was not a task but a pleasure.

Above all, Mr. Stauffer possesses the rare (and for some curious reason, under-estimated) gift of communicating enthusiasm for his subject. His book will not only send people back to their Boswell and Gibbon and Cibber and Defoe, but will inspire them to read some or all of the many entertaining books he has exhumed. It will enable them to share the lives and adventures of such singular or interesting persons as Sophia Baddeley, Mrs. Manley, William Rufus Chetwood, Letitia Pilkington, Mary Robinson (the Prince Regent and the Duc d'Orléans both fell in love with her), Major Ramkins, Fighting Fitzgerald, Colonel Gardiner, and scores of other forgotten or half-forgotten eighteenth century figures, who come alive again in Mr. Stauffer's pages.

Mr. Stauffer may not think it a compliment (but I do) when I say that he gives me some of the same pleasure I used to get from the books of Addington Symonds, without the faults of over-emphasis, floweriness, and hazardous theorizing which sometimes make the excellent Symonds a little trying. But here, too, is the gift, which I persist in saying is a rare one especially in contemporary critics, of arousing enthusiasm for a subject in a reader who knows a little about it but who is constantly being interested in matter unknown or barely known to him. This is due primarily to Mr. Stauffer's own enthusiasm (which no amount of trickery or technique can feign) and to his skill in analysis, summary, and apt quotation. Quotation is itself an art, not always properly understood; but, like a skilled and benevolent vintner, Mr. Stauffer gives us the relevant sips from the innumerable casks in his well-stocked cellar.

I find I disagree with Mr. Stauffer in his estimate of Gibbon's Autobiography, which is a crown jewel of eighteenth century prose; but this is not the place to argue about it. Much more serious is that the structure of the book seems a little uncertain, not really an organic whole; and that his classification of biographies in relation to the drama, the novel, the romantic spirit and so on, are not only arbitrary (as he himself partly admits) but not particularly accurate or illuminating. It is as if Mr. Stauffer did not quite know how to organize his immense material. Luckily, this does not alter the fact that Mr. Stauffer has written the liveliest and most copious if not the best book on his subject.

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"Elizabeth"

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

I SAW her last, it must have been five years ago, at the opening of a memorial exhibition of the work of Arthur Watts, that ingenious and child-like draughtsman in black and white who illustrated E. M. Delafield's "Provincial Lady." "Elizabeth," tiny, exquisite, absurdly youthful in looks, was talking to H. G. Wells who had the rather worried and escaping glance which marked all middle-aged and elderly men, except the uneminent and the simple, when they were engaged in talk by the dangerous and disarming lady who wrote "The Caravaners," "Vera," "Love," and "The Pastor's Wife." She had been disarming and dangerous when she first persuaded us to walk with her and watch The Man of Wrath in the German Garden. Those early "gardening books," so different from the shrill floriphilism of Mr. Beverley Nichols, gave many readers the Elizabeth habit, readers who knew little and cared less about gardens, who rather disliked Germans; those readers never guessed then—at least I did not—how subtly Elizabeth would make us into her addicts, and how the dose of humor, of malice, of indignation, and even of tragedy would be increased and still leave us craving for more.

It is odd to remember that when "Elizabeth and her German Garden" came out in the late 'nineties its main competitor was Elinor Glyn's "The Visits of Elizabeth," a book which far outsold Elizabeth's and which some critics treated as "serious literature" while they dismissed Elizabeth's volume as pleasant light reading. I do not think that, even up to the day of of her death last month, Lady Russell was ever given the full critical praise her work deserved. She was a superb story-teller, in the sense that she held one's attention; she was a satirist, and a farcical inventor (who can forget the famous Castello bath-room in "The Enchanted April?"); she had a keen eye for human folly, and a profound sympathy for human suffering which in a few books, "Vera," "Love" and "A Pastor's Wife"—give her writing a depth and intensity unusual in an author of such irreverent and irrepressible wit.

It has always been true that in England critics neglect their great comic authors. Barry Pain, F. Anstey, W. W. Jacobs—which of these has ever had the attention paid to lesser but solemn writers? So "Elizabeth" suffered, first, from the fact that she was a humorist. Yet the chief reason for the somewhat patronizing attitude taken to her was other than this. Elizabeth's later books were lethal to one of the best established institutions in the world both of life and letters—masculine vanity. It disconcerted and dismayed more men than I could readily name that this woman, whose charm they felt, whose intelligence they admitted, whose wit delighted them, just did not find them satisfactory. Nor was it, this attitude of hers, the ordinary "what children men are" with which thousands of woman excuse to themselves and their sisters their real admiration and respect for men. Not a bit of it. Elizabeth thought we were fools, often cads, and always, if she looked long enough and carefully enough, supremely ridiculous. Quite a number of men did not care for this conviction of hers: and they managed to persuade themselves that, after all, she wasn't a serious author.

"Elizabeth" Beauchamp was an Australian, of a family well-known in Australia and New Zealand. Her cousin was one of the best-known and most loved obstetricians in London (he was appointed as doctor to the English delegation at Versailles, but did not bring a very satisfactory treaty to birth). Another cousin was Katherine, better known as Katherine Mansfield. Ordinarily Elizabeth did not move in "literary circles"; when she was Countess von Arnim her interests were her husband's and their children's, and in "Fraulein Schmitt and Mr. Anstruther" she wrote what is, I suppose, and is likely to remain the last German "sentimental" novel, a story full of the Germany which existed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, though it was scotched by Frederic of Prussia and killed by Bismarck and Moltke. She was a bit of a snob; and we may be grateful for that weakness because it led her to prefer life in fashionable society, of which she could write as a citizen.

Most of our accounts of that land come from diligent outsiders: in the Edwardian and Georgian periods no novelists of importance except E. F. Benson, Anthony Hope, and Elizabeth moved as of right in what was called Society. Elizabeth's world, of course, extended far beyond those limits, and her interest was always more in human nature than in social adjustments. It was this vivid interest which, for me, makes her last novel

Illustration from "All the Dogs in My Life," by "Elizabeth."

"Mr. Skeffington" so excellent a story. When I began it I thought, as must most of her admirers, "But this will not do now: we cannot now be moved by this vain lady's vain attempts to preserve youth and beauty. Not now, with the world breaking over us, and men, women, and children suffering torture, starvation, persecution, exile, death. It is too trivial." And then, in that great last scene, when Mrs. Skeffington meets her broken, aged, tormented Jewish husband the story splendidly justifies itself. We realized what it was that had haunted her in her hallucinations—that, infinitely greater than her petty, personal tragedy of lost beauty and youth departing, there was this secular tragedy of insensate cruelty and persecution.

There lies the secret of the haunting power of Elizabeth's bitterest and unfairest satire on men: often in mood it is light, trivial, even a little silly; but behind it is a deep passion for justice, a cry of anger that, for too long, women have suffered through men's selfishness, vanity, and stupidity. And that it was up to her redress that balance.

R. Ellis Roberts, a frequent contributor to these pages, was formerly editor of "Life and Letters."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 368)

T. ROOSEVELT:
*LETTER TO KERMIT**

With infinite labor . . . I have finally gotten the Japanese and Russians to agree to meet to discuss terms of peace. . . . I have kept the secret very successfully and my dealings with the Japanese in particular have been known to no one.

*(Away at School) 1905

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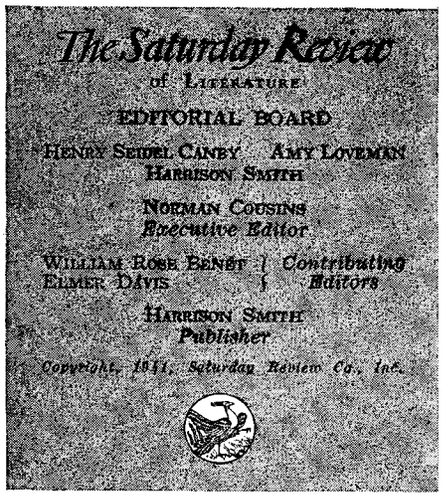

WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD: 1858-1941

RECENTLY the world of American scholarship was shocked to learn of the sudden death at sea of one of its greatest figures, Mr. Worthington Ford, on the ship on which he was escaping to America from France. "Escape" is not quite the word to use, for Mr. Ford, with his indomitable courage, never attempted to escape from anything, but at last the government had ordered all Americans out of that beleagured country. He had written to me from his home near Paris that by lack of proper coincidence of age and wars he had never seen one, and was determined to do so before it was too late. He was then eighty-two. Well, he saw one, and after the Germans had forced him with a suit-case from his "farm," as he called it, to the Pyrenees, and thence to Marseilles, he obeyed government orders, and sailed. We were all looking forward to greeting him but he did not reach America. For him it was not tragic. It was peace after a long and full life, a release from a world which was daily becoming increasingly the negation of all he cared for. It is fitting, however, that the journal of American Letters should take space for an "Ave atque Vale" for a man who did so much for American intellectual life as did Worthington Ford.

Those who loved him (as I did for twenty years), and they were almost all those who had known him, of all ages, retain a singularly strong impression of him. He was a remarkable combination of a very great scholar, of a man of the world, of a Humanist to whom nothing human was alien, and above all of a great gentleman. A century and more ago, Emerson in his essay on "The American Scholar," sensing the growing disintegration of *Man,* in the Greek myth, into various-functioned *men,* had written of them as being "minutely subdivided and peddled out, that is spilled into drops" by over-speculation. A half century later, Gamaliel Bradford in his essay on the same topic wrote that the scholar "soon becomes aware that other men regard him rather with respect than affection, and he schools himself to it."

Neither of these remarks, wise though their authors were, applied to Ford. He never broke into drops "which cannot be gathered." He remained in the Greek sense "the Man," and did not suffer amputations from his learning. He faced and welcomed life from all its angles. He was not merely one of the greatest historical scholars America has produced, who knew probably more about the manuscript sources than any other living when he died, and who in addition was a noted statistician and economist, but he also knew his wines and their vintages, his food and where in the capitals of many countries to get it, his music and his theater. A younger man, like myself, could turn trustingly to him for advice on all these subjects, and delicate points of gentlemanly ethics as well, receiving ever the soundest advice, given with the affectionate interest of a father.

There are various types of historians. There are the diggers up of "new facts," important or not, the grown but immature successors of many a young writer of a Ph.D. thesis. There are those of vast erudition but sterile production in relation to their knowledge, like the late Lord Acton. There are those who by perfect editing provide the narrative historian with impeccable source material. There are also the interpreters, and the popularizers. For the most part Ford chose the path of editorship, though he did write a couple or more of original volumes, characteristically dealing with his two chief preoccupations, history and statistics—a life of George Washington and a volume on the Standard Silver Dollar. The main debt which scholarship owes to him, however, was his making available to it a vast mass of original source material. Of this he had an almost unrivalled knowledge, a rare judgment as to authenticity and value, and was happy in having the opportunity of preservation and editing. Among stages in his career we may note some years as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics in the State and Treasury Departments; five in the Boston Public Library; seven as head of the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress; twenty as editor of the rich material of the Massachusetts Historical Society; and six spent in Europe selecting the manuscripts in all the chief Archives abroad to be copied for deposit in the Library of Congress. This task, which called for complete mastery of his field and a fine discrimination, was completed fortunately just before the outbreak of war, and the destruction or dispersion of great masses of documents never to be recovered.

Unlike many of our scholars Ford had not been narrowed by a specialized education designed to turn out a professor. Although he had had the usual college training he was born into a historical paradise. His father, Gordon Lester Ford, was a man of wide interests. He had been successful in several lines of business, was a founder of social clubs, of the Brooklyn Library, of the Art Association, and of the Academy of Music. He also had accumulated, and used, the most valuable private library of Americana in the United States, comprising about 50,000 volumes, 100,000 manuscripts, and a vast amount of other material. In this library and household, Ford and his brothers, notably Paul Leicester Ford, were brought up. Space does not permit a longer description of his early training, but in the character of his father, his tastes, and his friends, and perhaps in the fact that in the background was the ancestral figure of Noah Webster, the American lexicographer, we can trace some of the factors that made Washington Ford not only the profound and meticulous scholar but, what is unhappily rare with us, the Humanist and not the specialist. He was also a great and generous citizen. Some years after the death of the father, the sons, never rich, gave in his memory his invaluable collection of Americana to the New York Public Library as a gift to American historical scholarship. In the passing of Worthington Ford, America has lost a great scholar, a great citizen and public servant, and a great gentleman, while those of us who were privileged to know him long and intimately have lost a friend who can never be replaced.

—James Truslow Adams.

Take Away the Darkness

By Witter Bynner

Against the sun there sets a moon,
  Against the moon a sun.
Is it the west begun too soon,
  Or the east too late begun?

All that I know or ever knew
  Is that I began in space
And for a while I come and go
  With light upon my face.

And darkness is as good as light
  While both shall be again—
Except the darkening of sight
  Made by the might of men.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The "Confederate Viewpoint"

SIR:—In his cordial review of Irvin Cobb's "Exit Laughing," [*SRL,* March 29] Mr. William Allen White describes the "Confederate viewpoint" as "a nice blending of hiccupping nostalgia and conscious, deliberate, and downright self-deception."

I find it interesting that today, 76 years after the Civil War (Rebellion to Mr. White) there should appear for every *one* southerner's complaint against his father's conquerors at least five excoriations of the Old South. Why is this? The Jacobites' nostalgia, echoed from Burns to Buchan, the sighs of countless mourners for fallen France, these are not described as hiccups. And yet the Confederacy, with a fate as tragic as either, was, no more than 18th century Scotland or 20th century France, merely a nation of alcoholic sentimentalists.

Can it be barely possible that instead of "conscious, deliberate, and downright self-deception" (what we in the more courtly phrase of our Southland call "damned hypocrisy") this naive Confederate viewpoint was in certain respects an instinctively *justified* sense of superiority? However they might deny it to themselves, vaguely troubled by a suspicion of that annoying fact, and vainly protesting against it? Certainly whether I express myself in a sigh or a hiccup, whether I voice historic truth or am self-deceived, I protest that in my view the Old South furnished a far broader and more beautiful "spiritual landscape" (as Mr. White calls it) than does even Kansas itself. Moreover, I imagine many will agree with me. I, as one fairly acquainted with Southern facts, beg to submit my minority opinion with assurance.

L. WARDLAW MILES.

Baltimore, Md.

"Finland Forever"

SIR:—I was delighted with Mr. Gosta Larsson's review of "Finland Forever." What author could ask more than to behold such cheering words as *fascinating, comprehensive, unforgettable, stirring, inspiring* used about his book? So I hope I do not seem ungrateful for his sympathetic treatment when I beg leave to take issue with him for taking issue with me when I say that "none of the three sister Northern Countries *dared* (reviewer's italics) to stir to aid the fourth." A second reading will show that I meant "dared" not *officially* aid Finland against Russia. From his name I judge Mr. Larsson to be a Swede and Swedes have had so much unjust and loose-thoughted criticism lately that they are naturally unduly sensitive on the point. But in the very same paragraph Mr. Larsson takes exception to, I say "Scores of Swedes and Danes and Norwegians began to volunteer. Within two days Sweden alone had raised a quarter of a million dollars for Finnish aid." On page 404, I write of "the trainloads of supplies pouring out of Sweden" into Finland by way of Tornio. Then I speak of millions privately subscribed by Swedes and tell of Swedish volunteer aviators killed.

If Mr. Larsson reads again this chapter in question he cannot fail to see my sympathetic treatment of Sweden's dilemma and the strong implication that her neutrality and her peace-making overtures most likely worked for the good of all. And when I write on page 427 in the very last chapter that "Sweden which had contributed magnificently to Finnish relief now performed a super-service by a gift of 2,600 prefabricated houses"—surely I have made more of an effort to vindicate Sweden than to criticize her. It is the great democracy of the United States and its congress that I criticize for failing to do full duty by Finland, for hesitating to lend the debt-paying nation money, and for being indifferent to the hunger-pains of the gallant people of Finland.

HUDSON STRODE.

University, Alabama.

"Since he's begun reading the newspapers again, he's beginning to revive his old interest in a Rocket to Mars."

"The House of Harper"

SIR:—Because many of your readers are also creative writers, I wish to add a few lines of comment to the interesting summary of "The House of Harper" [*SRL, April* 5].

In your brief survey it was of course not possible to mention all the key people in a business like ours, which is engaged in publishing many types of books. Here I will not attempt even to name the individuals holding important administrative posts, but I do feel that your readers should know of the editors (not referred to in your article) who play a large part in Harpers.

In the trade book department, E. C. Aswell and W. H. Briggs have contributed greatly to our lists. Aswell succeeded admirably in the difficult task of editing the last two novels by Thomas Wolfe, and is responsible for such authors as Richard Wright, Vardis Fisher, and Eric Knight. Briggs, who has been with us since 1907, handles the work of many important authors, including Fannie Hurst and Zane Grey, and has brought to the House such books as James Harvey Robinson's "Mind in the Making" and George H. Dorsey's "Why We Behave like Human Beings." I would like to mention also G. W. Jones, Jr., recently with Funk & Wagnalls. Jones is rapidly building up a list of books with long term sales possibilities.

In the college field, F. S. MacGregor as well as his associate, E. J. Tyler, Jr., are known to authors and educators throughout the country. The same can be said of R. M. Pearson and his associate, W. A. Codding, in the high school department.

A list of the principal Harper editors is incomplete without mentioning Ursula Nordstrom, who has brought to Harpers many well known juvenile authors.

I would much appreciate your printing this additional information regarding our editorial setup.

CASS CANFIELD.

New York City.

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Nathan . . .

(*Continued from page* 6)

the size of a young boy; he increases the ineffectiveness of the Little Man's protest against the brass hat mind by giving his central figure the quite inadequate vocabulary of a lad not yet in his teens; and he increases the reader's sense of the impact of warfare upon the Little Man by imagining an invasion of the United States. Back of the novel, in other words, are such literary traditions as "Gulliver's Travels," "Tom Sawyer," and the fantasies of the earlier H. G. Wells.

Mr. Nathan's characters are not individualities, though they have personality. Any mother reading this book will say to herself—"That is my boy, that is my girl, that—but for the grace of God—is I." Here, in short, is the recent historical novel in reverse; or potential history as history may reveal itself to the mind and emotions of the future Little Man.

The formula, to be sure, has the defects of its virtues, symbolized with unconscious irony by the dust cover which wraps the book. This pictures the boy and girl hand in hand, the mother, the small sister, and the perambulator on a smooth pavement bounded by neat green fields. There is no mob of refugees, no military, no airplane, albeit a vague blur of red in the background presumably indicates a fire. The whole thing irresistibly suggests "Sunday in the Park" from "Pins and Needles." There are no blood and sweat and tears, and Mr. Nathan's prose, though Sylvie is wounded and the little family is temporarily broken up, is too neat, too well ordered, too elegant to be quite convincing. Even the dead whom the wanderers meet are trimly described, as if a wild sort of picnic ran temporarily into something unpleasant and hastily withdrew. Mr. Nathan does not so intend it, and would be horrified at the thought, but there is a certain way of looking at his story which makes it into a rather jolly book—something like a grown-up "Bastable Children." The lyric method has certain limitations when applied to a theme of epic proportion. I do not mean that "They Went on Together" should have been like "War and Peace," but it could have been more like "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," with profit. Irony is not the same thing as iron. In these iron days Mr. Nathan moves us to pity, but he does not move us to pity and terror, and pity and terror, according to ancient doctrine, are supposed to be the chief means of cleansing the soul of man.

De Meyer . . .

BRIGHT WAS THEIR DESTINY. By John De Meyer. New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc. 1941. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN APPEL

THIS is a novel whose people are not important in themselves as living human beings performing living meaningful acts, but as symbol characters performing in a contemporary morality play. The time is the present. The scene is Osgood, a New England industrial town ". . . a strong town a hundred years ago—yes, even fifty, maybe. All those stories you hear about men who went down to the sea in ships are true. The fortunes they made and the factories they built were true. There were really some damned good men in those days."

But in the 1930's, Osgood's destiny was no longer bright. We see the change through the eyes of Patricia Walker, the narrator of the story, who with her brother Terse comes to New England from a desk on the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Terse is to be editor-in-chief of Osgood's two newspapers, both owned by William Osgood VI, Pat is to run a column. They soon discover the newer New Englanders. "Germans, Irish, Poles, Swedes, Frenchmen, Italians, Czechs, Lithuanians, and some others about whom you couldn't be sure." Pat marries Bill Osgood VII, and her brother has an affair with Bill's sister, Eleanor. These two paralleling love stories, however, never seem too meaningful because their participants are nearly all symbol characters.

Terse is the hardboiled, likable newspaper man, Eleanor the modern descendant of the pioneering Osgoods. Bill VII is Pride-in-the-Past. He temporarily stops a strike in his factory with a sincere speech. "He wanted to bring back the days of his grandfather, and some of them knew what those days were." His mother, Nellie, represents the codfish aristocracy. His prophetic Grandma Osgood says of Bill's father. "Men like Willy won't last much longer in this world, Pat. They've been soft too long." And all through the book, there is Sophie, the Polish Leader-of-the-Workers. The strikes she leads are a little stagey.

The pages are full of grim foreboding, of uncertainty, of change. This psychological electricity in the atmosphere is truer than any of the people. John DeMeyer is looking upon his times, and he is wondering. But wonder and sensitivity are not enough. A novelist must create deeply felt human beings.

Brousseau . . .

EPISODE ON WEST 8TH STREET. By Jule Brousseau. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1941. 413 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE principal technical difficulty with this book may be suggested by the statement that it is fairly easy to review any one part of it without reviewing all four. The various narratives that make it up have a good deal of philosophical relationship but only the slightest dramatic tangents. Nevertheless, it is very passable Dostoievski and perhaps one can suggest its manner and content most succinctly by saying that it is a minor "Brothers Karamazov" set in Greenwich Village in the early years of the Great American Depression.

The closest thing to a denominator in the story is the history of a pious Yiddish button-maker who sticks his scissors into the middle of his nagging boss, one hot August day, more or less as a matter of reflex action. This performance, since its effects are mortal, radically changes the circumstances of the simple button-maker and leads him to some introspections and philosophies that are too well written to grow very tedious.

Story Number Two is that of the daughter of a Russian coal miner in Pennsylvania. The girl wants to be a poet and she hasn't the slightest equipment for the trade, so, without any particular passion or despair, she commits suicide to escape her confusions. She is so vague that she has to commit it twice.

The third story is that of a young architect and his wife. Since the architect is not professionally employed his wife is, of course, expecting a baby. Nothing much ever comes of this situation except some excellent sketches of the "Salesmen Wanted" and "Business Opportunities" projects.

These stories barely touch each other and there is no pretense of any general interrelation between them and the affairs of the professional Russian harlot, the pious Irish libertine, and the various other commentators and interlude actors who run in and out of the novel.

There are amazingly good passages and sketches in the book but the whole thing needs design and focus of some kind. It makes the general point that is made in the Book of Job—a patient and noble person can ignore the cruelties of a petulant Jahveh or by opposing end them, perhaps—but as a narrative the book is tenuous and inconclusive.

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Humorist of the Nineties

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS: Humorist of the Nineties. By Francis Hyde Bangs. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 300 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by M. A. De Wolfe Howe

NOTHING dates itself more unmistakably than run-of-the-mill humor. The high priests of laughter, the Mark Twains and Lewis Carrolls, outlive their days on earth, but how many are the humorists of one period after another who do not!

John Kendrick Bangs was emphatically a writer not merely of but for his own period. His acceptance in that period was vast. "A House-Boat on the Styx," which appeared in 1895, is declared in this biography to have been the first American book to attain the distinction of an American best-seller —in immediate succession to "Trilby" and two books of Ian Maclaren's which have gone house-boating on the Styx along with Bangs's works.

And, speaking of "Trilby," what could be more of the period to which it belonged than an anecdote of Richard Harding Davis repeated here from a previous telling by Edward Bok? It is the story of Davis at an Author's Reading in Bangs's own Yonkers, announcing to his audience that he would read from an unpublished story of his own. "It was a fine, sunny, showery day in April," Davis began. "The big studio window—" and then his hearers, recognizing the first words of "Trilby," broke into laughter and applause which ended the meeting. Would the first words of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" be so instantly spotted today?

The stream of books, following "serial publication," that flowed from Bangs's pen was constant as a tidal river. He was essentially a magazine man, and for many years he fairly pervaded the periodicals of his time, especially those that proceeded from the old Franklin Square office of Harper and Brothers. Before graduating from Columbia in 1883 he had distinguished himself in college journalism under the name of "T. Carlyle Smith," still remembered by the few survivors of the college press in the eighties. Then came his association with *Life,* in its days of innocency, and with *Puck.* Those who do not recall the brands of humor in which they dealt need only look at the witticisms of Bangs scattered through these pages, and then turn to any issue of *The New Yorker,* to see where we have come from whence. It is a sobering reflection that Bangs and his fellow-humorists thought themselves, and were thought by others, just as sophisticated, just as truly of the latest moment, as your saddest wags of the 1940's.

Humor with Bangs was a serious business, not without its aspects of mass production. See, for example, what happened to one who used many pen-names when in his later years he turned from editing to writing and lecturing:

> A ledger which he kept for the years 1909-1910 lists over a thousand separate acceptances. Over five hundred of these were published in the Harper periodicals, and the others were scattered among a score or more monthlies, weeklies, and newspaper syndicates. . : . He would have a hundred items out at a time, and the opening of the mail was always interesting—somewhat like gambling on the horses.

At lecturing in these later days he was as industrious as at writing. He toured the country from border to border, addressing all manner of companies, from bankers to casket-makers, and winning favor hither and yon as what the index of his biography calls —blessed word!—"post-prandialist." There was time also for considerable devotion to politics, in token of which there is a letter from Harding, to whom Bangs transferred his allegiance after suffering the disappointment of Leonard Wood's failure to win the Chicago nomination. "And let me say to you," wrote Harding in a priceless expression of gratitude, "that I am a real idealist and an altruist hampered only by an uncontrollable instinct to keep at least one foot on the ground while reaching for the stars." Bangs had broken completely with George Harvey of Harpers by this time, and must have needed all his resources of ironic humor to see the finger of providence in Harding's appointment of Harvey to the ambassadorship in London which he had good reason to believe that Wood, under happier circumstances, intended for him.

The biography is written by Bangs's youngest son, whose filial piety has been implemented by much recourse to contemporary comment on his father's writings—an obvious residue from a large collection of clippings. Out of it all emerges a lovable figure, of a period which ended with the First World War, even as his own life was hastened to its close by over-exertion in unselfish labors for reconstruction in France. Bangs cannot be counted among the major figures of American letters in his time, but he was completely of that time, and this book makes an essential contribution to the study of his period.

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Law and Humor

PILLAR TO POST. By Henry H. Curran. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 387 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

THAT delight in a full, exciting life so commonly regarded as the exclusive property of the Elizabethans crowds the pages of the autobiography of Henry H. Curran, Chief Magistrate of New York City. It is in the best use of the word a humorous book. The fact that a career spent almost entirely in the circus maximus of Manhattan politics has not dulled Judge Curran's wit and love of his fellow man, but, rather, sharpened these qualities, is something worth remarking all by itself.

Regrettably, he by no means writes enough about his days as Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island and his work as a magistrate—the case book sort of thing that he did so beautifully in his last book, "Magistrate's Court." Here his Aldermanic experiences, his Army life, and other chapters are done in rather greater detail. Not that the Ellis Island interval is overlooked (the story of how the theatrical midgets rid the Island of mice by crouching beside the mouseholes and pouncing, cat-fashion, engagingly refutes the supposition that there is nothing new under the sun) and not that one isn't given a glimpse or two of the Magistrate's Court (we get the authoritative version of the one about the young couple being sent from the Yorkville court to the Waldorf-Astoria for a good night's rest, with hotel expenses paid, when the East River road construction had continually deprived them of their sleep). If the book is mostly anecdote, one can't complain, for it is through the graphic agency of story-telling that a wise and gentle official has modestly chosen to explain something of his own character.

Like so many good romantics, Judge Curran has found his life complicated by an occasional impulsiveness, not necessarily inviting trouble, either. A wistful, unpremeditated reply to a formal speech of greeting read by the Crown Prince of Norway at the City Hall—"You speak so much better English than the Board of Estimate!"—while a blow to protocol, did not result in disaster. It enlivened the occasion, in fact, and in this autobiography gives the reader a pleasant sidelight on a municipal dignitary who can be troubled not only by such a matter as injustice, but by those less spectacular annoyances, the verb "to

ELLEN GLASGOW

"who belongs unquestionably to that small group of fiction writers who, in the twentieth century in America, have brought that art to one of its peaks in English." *—Citation of The Saturday Review of Literature's Award to Ellen Glasgow for Distinguished Service to American Literature.*

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contact" and the expression "and/or."

One of the numerous things that set Judge Curran apart from his colleagues is his readiness to take elections philosophically. He has been in campaigns, without being of them. When a man who is running for the office of Mayor of New York, or for any other office in the city, for that matter, is endlessly aware of the humorous aspect of each moment of his life, he can be neither a master politician nor a self-idolater. Of all the jobs Henry Curran has had, the job to which he seems most happily suited, temperamentally, is the one he currently occupies, a chief magistracy. To watch the sidewalks of New York from a vantage point, and to be able to improve those sidewalks in whatever way he can—his own amiably eccentric way, as a rule—is a dish that pleases him. In a way this autobiography might be called an auxiliary guide to New York. A book beguiling and wise, that has very little to say about the city's architecture, but a great deal about its fascinating people. Including, and it must be remembered that the adjective is the reviewer's, Henry H. Curran.

James Reid Parker, author of "Academic Procession," is currently writing the Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore law stories for The New Yorker.

A Panorama of Christianity

A HISTORY OF THE EXPANSION OF CHRISTIANITY: Vol. IV, The Great, Great Century, 1800-1914. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 516 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

PROFESSOR Latourette's great work is nearing completion. His first three volumes dealt with the expansion of Christianity in its first eighteen centuries. His last three, of which this is the first, will deal with a single century, the nineteenth, which he very properly concludes in 1914. In this volume, he limits himself to Europe and the United States. He is concerned neither with the history of theology, nor in the ordinary sense, with Church history, but with the history of Christianity as a missionary enterprise.

So enormous is his material that for pages and pages he has to fall into a kind of catalogue, an encyclopaedic listing of missions, circuits, revivals, colleges, dioceses, and associations. Into this endless series of names and dates little color and life can penetrate. The Mormons move like disembodied spirits from Kirtland to Nauvoo and on to Deseret. John Humphrey Noyes, in a bare sentence, "established a Christian communistic society at Oneida, New York." It is true that a footnote sends the reader to books where he can find the color and the life with which this "Yankee saint" was abundantly endowed. Had he done nothing more than to unite systematically material nowhere else brought together, Professor Latourette would deserve the gratitude of every student of modern history. He does, however, do a great deal more.

For, in addition to giving us these scholarly listings of the facts about the expansion of Christianity, Professor Latourette pauses now and then to give a sociological interpretation of the impact of organized Christianity on the world, and of the world on organized Christianity. In his earlier volumes he has supplied at least the minimum of intellectual and institutional history, so that the reader familiar with the whole work knows what Professor Latourette means by Christianity. Here he sums up such forces as agnosticism and rationalism, nationalism, socialism, militarism, and many other "isms" and relates them to the growth of nineteenth-century Christianity. The bones of his logical framework stand out clearly, a little in the classroom manner, and his terms often have the lack of precision so frequent in the social sciences. But there is meat here, and good sense. The extraordinary multiplification of sects in the United States he rightly sees is not in itself a sign of weakness in American Christianity, but rather a sign of youth and strength.

This book should remind the skeptical and the indifferent as well as the prophets of doom among us of a simple and often forgotten fact. Since the French Revolution, Christians in the technical and measurable sense of membership in an organized body of worshippers have multiplied proportionately far beyond the very great natural increase of world population. There were in 1914 many more Christians than in 1789, not only absolutely, but relatively. Many grave problems are still left unresolved when you have made that statement. Perhaps most Christians in 1914 were not "real" Christians. Perhaps totalitarian national faiths have since then further undermined Christian faith. Perhaps knowledge of contraceptives will do more damage to Christianity than did knowledge of Voltaire and Tom Paine. But all this is speculation, some of it speculation in neglect of the facts Professor Latourette has so ably brought to our attention.

"THE RIVER RISES is recommended as a great picture of New England in transition, and as a fine, rich drama with about as good invention-structure, struggle and humor as anyone is likely to find."—*Saturday Review.*

by

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War and Politics

WAR BY REVOLUTION. By Francis Williams. New York: Viking Press. 1941. 158 *pp.* $1.50.

THE MALADY AND THE VISION. By T. R. Fyrel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 276 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PETER F. DRUCKER

MR. WILLIAMS'S little book has one great virtue; it is not content with analyzing the past and with distributing blame. It knows that it is the future that really matters. At the same time it shows unusual realism and detachment regarding the war and peace situation. It takes great courage today for an Englishman to admit that this war cannot be won except on the Continent and it is convincing testimony of the fact that England at war is almost freer and more democratic than was England in peace.

Mr. Williams's thesis is not very different from that recently expounded by Professor Laski; namely, that this is a war which can only be won by social revolution, both in England and on the Continent, a social revolution which will realise true democracy. Mr. Williams differs from Professor Laski mainly in a greater devotion to the political and strategic details. The focal idea of his book is the proposal to make London the center for a European revolution, carried by refugees from Hitler Europe.

Very few people who know Europe and who understand the present situation will quarrel with Mr. Williams on the thesis that it is just as important to win the peace after this war. But like his predecessors, Mr. Williams does not know how such a peace could be won. His program is the 1928 program of the Right Wing of the British Labor Party, unchanged with all the trimmings. Certainly, that liberal dream of the 1928 League of Nations Union was a noble dream. But there is no reason why a program which failed in the comparatively simple and benevolent circumstances of 1928 should work in the bitter and grim reality which Europe is going to face after this present war.

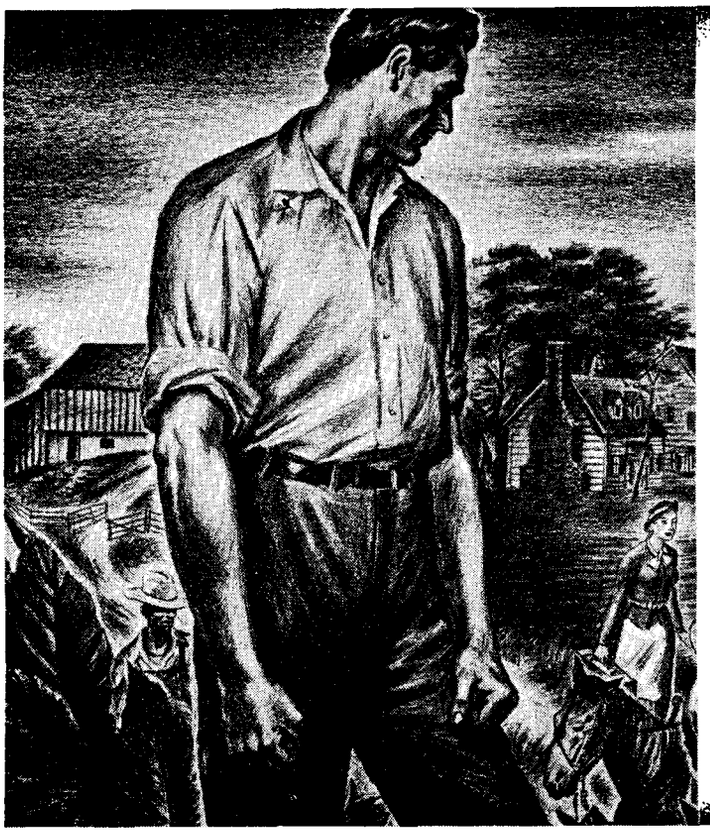
If Mr. Williams is disappointing in his actual political program, Mr. Fyvel, another Englishman, is disappointing in both his analysis and his program. This might have been an interesting book had it come out three years ago, when it really seemed to matter who bore the responsibility for Munich or for the collapse of the French Popular Front, or for the failure to act in Manchuria. Today, it is not even really important any more to know why France collapsed. Mr. Fyvel spends many pages complaining bitterly about past mistakes. He does not even attempt to contribute anything to the future, short of reminding us not to forget the problem of the colonial peoples.

Author, Author!

Long Distance Costs Money. *Quentin Reynolds* ("The Wounded Don't Cry") has returned to his post as London correspondent for *Collier's,* on a convoy vessel, leaving behind him the manuscript of his London diary, which will be out within a few months. Shortly before sailing, Mr. Reynolds was received by President Roosevelt in his office at the White House. While he was there the President put through a trans-Atlantic call to another eminent statesman who is also an author, *Winston Churchill* ("Blood, Sweat, and Tears"). Mr. Reynolds was slightly startled when, after a conversation, he heard the President say to the Prime Minister, "I'll have to hang up now. My three minutes are up!"

War in Four Months? *Edgar Snow* ("The Battle for Asia") recently arrived in New York from China with his wife, *Nym Wales* ("Inside Red China"). Mr. Snow, who was the first American newspaper man to visit the Chinese Soviets, back in 1936, and whose predictions about the course of war in Asia have proved to be in the main correct, is anxious to go on assignment to South America. He wants to go immediately because he is convinced that the United States will be at war with Japan within four months and then, he believes, most sources of news to the south will be clamped shut.

And Red All Over. *Richard Wright*



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had a good deal of amusement, as well as the usual "author nerves," at the opening of Orson Welles's production of the play made from "Native Son," by Mr. Wright and *Paul Green*. During the first scene, *Lee Shubert*, the theatrical producer and theatre owner, was alarmed at the character of Bigger Thomas's lawyer. "Why," he said loudly, "that fellow is a "Communist!" As the play went on the producer saw redder and redder and got even more vocal: practically every character was a Communist. After the final curtain the audience, one of the swankiest and most opulent seen at a first night in a long time, went so wild with enthusiasm that its sables and ermines were in grave danger of disarray.

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By

DAVID LOTH

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BOZZARIS AND GREEK FREEDOM

(*Continued from page* 4)

was named the Franklin Bastion in honor of Poor Richard, the other they called the Bastion Bozzaris.

To England must ever be accorded the honor and glory of having given more generously and variously than any other nation to the cause of Greek freedom in the period before the allied intervention, though France sent a larger number of volunteers. America's contribution to the flood of liberal propaganda which so heartened the Greeks in their long struggle, was important. If the coincidental publication of Chateaubriand's "De Bonaparte, des Bourbons, et de la nésessité de se rallier a nos princes légitimes" on the 31st March, 1814, the day of the entrance of the Allies into Paris, was—as Louis XVIII declared when he made the author and parliamentarian his minister of the Interior—worth a 100,000 men to him, we may fairly assume that the world-wide publication in 1825 of "Marco Bozzaris" was worth at least a brigade to the Greeks.

Writing in the spring of 1827 (seven months before Navarino) to his sister at Guilford, answering a letter in which she confessed she had never before read or heard of "Marco Bozzaris," Halleck, always a blushing violet when it came to any personal mention of his poetry, confided that in New York "the poem is considered the key-stone of my renown, if renown it be," adding that it had been "published and puffed in a thousand or more magazines and newspapers not only in America but in England, Scotland, Ireland, etc. It has been translated into French and modern Greek. It has been spouted on the stage, in schools, and colleges, etc., etc."

Here indeed is an indication of how effective that martial piece must have been as a stimulant for the Laodiceans of democracy at a moment when England and France still temporized. How great must have been the effect on popular morale in Greece itself (in that time of crisis when the cause seemed all but lost) of the publication of this passionate tribute of America to the heroic soul of the Greek people!

Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land.

After more than a century American schoolboys still memorize "Marco Bozzaris." Not a great poem, perhaps, but it still can stir the imagination and quicken the pulse of the most disillusioned mortal who has ever known the meaning of freedom.

". . . well edited,
well written,
and always lively."
—*The Nation, Jan. 4, 1941*

SPRING 1941

Ah, Wisha! The Irish Novel
A witty discourse on Irish ethics and Irish writers: **Seán O'Faoláin**

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An examination of the present-day mystery story: **Philip Van Doren Stern**

Ivory Towers into Watchtowers
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Democratic Ends, Totalitarian Means
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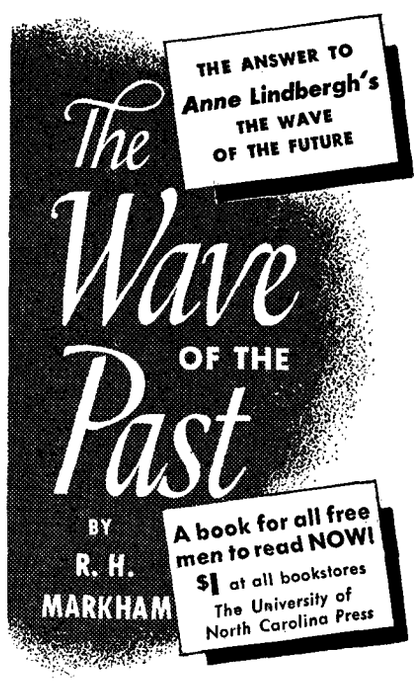
On April 26 a New Jersey Writers' Conference will be held at Princeton University, sponsored by the Princeton and Rutgers University Presses, and the New Jersey Writers' Project. There will be lectures, round table and panel discussions concerning "New Jersey as a Place to Write About."



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A SECRETARIAL VIEW

(*Continued from page 5*)

Churchill not only does not tolerate fools, he belts them. It says much for Miss Moir's ability, and more for her courage, that she stayed the course; and like all those who have run that course she considers this exercise in exhaustion among the most precious of her memories. Churchill has often lost a secretary, but he has never lost his or her loyalty and intense admiration. And lest I be deemed yet another recruit to the crowd of timely sycophants, let me proclaim a prophecy, founded on personal contacts with this very great man. In 1930, in my autobiography "Half Way," I wrote—

> Incalculable in his impetuosity and obstinacy, he has, nevertheless, the ablest brain of any man in Europe, taken in all its manifestations as soldier, journalist, debater, statesman and author . . . and if ever Churchill embarks upon a dictatorship, following the abject incompetency of the House of Commons as a governing instrument, I shall look for Brendan Bracken among the Dictator's aides-de-camp.

Brendan Bracken is today his first secretary. I do not think a symposium of secretaries, if W.S.C. were ever subjected to such an ordeal, would produce a different portrait from the vital, human one that Miss Moir gives us. She is modest regarding her own qualifications. Mr. Churchill was never aware of her as a human being until one day, when they were visiting Mr. Baruch's, he saw her on horseback. People to him are instruments, to be used. Miss Moir graduated from the Ministry of Munitions of the last War to the British Embassy in Paris, thence to America and a relief mission to starving Poland, then back to the States and a secretaryship to Miss Lillian Gish, and thence to Mr. Churchill. He engaged her in Apartment 39A in the Tower of the Waldorf-Astoria to which he had brought pandemonium.

So behind the smoke screen of his inseparable cigar, destroyer of carpets and bed-linen, and flanked with an array of bottles and siphons, and the symbolic blue-leather despatch case, Miss Moir came face to face with tireless efficiency, truculence, and pure genius in all its fitful phases of statesman, lecturer, bricklayer, artist, orator, and creator of whirlwinds.

Miss Moir's portrait has candor without offence, it gives us the man, driven by a sense of Destiny, dowered with great creative gifts, of unquenchable courage, as near to tears as anger, matching irascibility with disarming generosity. He has never spared of today. Miss Moir's engaging study is a footnote to History.

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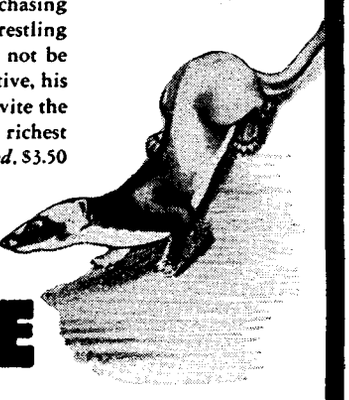
NOT SINCE William Beebe, has a naturalist spoken with such gusto, humor, and enthusiastic appreciation of his job as has Ivan Sanderson. Once again he lets his readers partake of the incidents—startling, dangerous, frequently ludicrous—that befall him, his wife, and his good-natured friends: walking a slippery log above a yawning crocodile, chasing giant crabs through swampy jungles, wrestling with six-foot snakes that may or may not be poisonous. His always engaging narrative, his unequalled illustrations, irresistibly invite the reader to arm-chair adventure of the richest sort. *The Viking Press. Illustrated.* $3.50



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by

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

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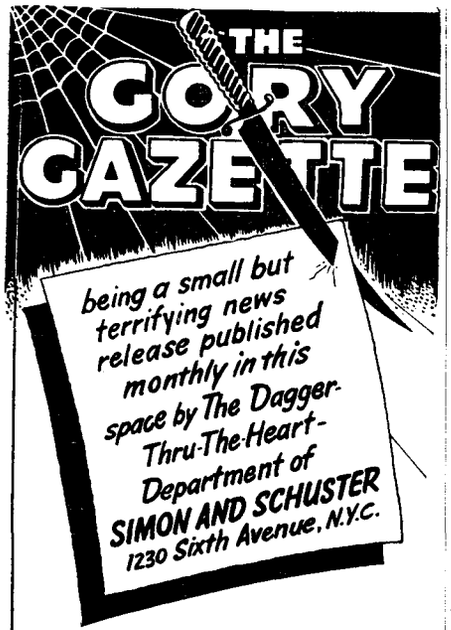
THE
GORY
GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

Once upon a time there was a shrewd young man named Samuel Abbott who worked as Special Investigator for the District Attorney's office. In an off moment, when he wasn't putting the finger on pay roll bandits and income tax dodgers, Sammy fell in love with a beautiful blonde. Ethel, sad to say, was not very bright. However, she was a good cook and had a number of merry quips and jests at her command and she loved Sammy to distraction. So they got married, bought a temperamental dog, and settled down to lead a quiet and dignified life chasing anti-social citizens.

Then one day Sammy found a corpse, which is a very good break for any detective. Ethel insisted on helping him detect, but in spite of this he caught the murderer. This all happened in *Sing A Song of Homicide* by James R. Langham, published last year, and soon to appear as a Paramount Picture.

Naturally Sammy's success with his first murder case went to his head, and from that time on he went around looking for corpses, although he didn't allow this hobby to interfere with his regular work.

He searched so diligently that his efforts were rewarded. And the whole story is told in *A Pocket Full of Clues* by James R. Langham, just published as the April Inner Sanctum Mystery.

The Gory Gazette is devoted to Sammy and Ethel Abbott. And just to prove that this isn't blind prejudice we quote herewith a few testimonials from our distinguished colleagues:

"Sammy and Ethel Abbott are a cute couple — and that goes for their dog Mohammed."—**Will Cuppy**

"Ethel Abbott is one of the nicest little wives in detective fiction."—**Jack Ketch**

"Sam and Ethel Abbott are dandy people. I hope we hear more of them soon."
—**Boston Transcript**

"As purveyors of fast comedy scrambled with murder, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles had best watch their laurels. There's competition in the offing, and its name is Sammy and Ethel Abbott."
—**Philadelphia Inquirer**

It's a cinch to meet the Abbotts. Just get hold of a copy of

A POCKET FULL OF CLUES
by James R. Langham ($2)

Books in Brief

MY EYES HAVE SEEN, *Alfreda Withington, M.D., E. P. Dutton & Co.*, $3.50. Another outstanding autobiography to add to the growing list of physician's life stories. Dr. Withington has devoted her long life (she is now eighty years old) to curing humanity's suffering. Starting in the worst of American slums, she later studied in Europe and was the first woman doctor to practise in Prague. For years she took care of the less prosperous folk in Pittsfield, Mass. She was with Grenfell in Labrador, headed an American hospital in France during the World War, and finally settled among the poor whites in the Kentucky mountains. A glowing record of a useful life.

HELL-BENT FOR WAR, *Hugh S. Johnson, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*, $1.50. General Hugh Johnson believes that this country is "hell-bent for war." He also believes that the American people, when they agreed to the Lease-Lend Bill, did not give their assent to going to war, and that we are rapidly being sold down the river to an unknown but bellicose fate against the wishes of eighty-five per cent of the American people. No other daily writer on international events has a vocabulary so incisive or so immediately convincing; that is, unless you happen to disagree with him at which point he becomes a menace. He will remain one of the great antagonists of the present regime until he is removed by natural causes, by somebody's bullet, or ends at the right of a dictator's seat. This book should be read, pro or con, as a last fleeting glimpse beyond the world that might have been into the never-never world we are entering. On General Johnson's tombstone these words should be carved in 18th century script: "He should have lived in 1776."

PERSONAL EXPOSURES, *Rex Beach, Harper & Bros.*, $2.75. From Wisconsin farm boy and juvenile Florida cracker to adult adventures in Alaska and the tropics, Rex Beach's life story could not be duplicated in any other country on earth. His astonishing career as a robust adventurer, successful novelist and playwright, now applying some of his vitality to a Florida farm, is told with eloquence and gusto. Good reading for all extroverts.

THE WICKEDEST MAN IN SAN FRANCISCO. *Franklin Walker, The Colt Press*, $3. Ambrose Bierce was the wittiest man in San Francisco, not the wickedest. And this handsome limited edition might prove to the curious reader how futile a weapon is wit in a tough and gloriously illiterate society. Bierce fought against hypocrisy, race hatred, and every kind of prejudice that raised its head in the most outrageous years of America's most dynamic city. His satire was burlesque, his wit exaggeration. Sexually a prig in print, in private he was devoted to the double standard and uttered this famous toast to women. "Would that they could fall into our arms without remaining on our hands." Not a pleasant man but worthy of his time and this handsome memorial.

LOVERS ARE LOSERS, *Roland Pertwee, Doubleday-Doran & Co.*, $2.50. A solid novel of the growth and development of two talented young men in England before and shortly after the first World War. Gerry and Michael became inseparable, one an actor; the other, the hero of the novel, a playwright. Then Michael falls in love with a girl who deliberately destroys this relationship with his friend. A novel written with subtlety and insight, but it suffers from the usual difficulty in making the supposed genius of playwrights, actors, or artists plausible.

H. S.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE PUZZLE OF THE HAPPY HOOLIGAN *Stuart Palmer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Hollywood scenarist and glamorous secretary with broken necks make copious trouble for fledgling writer Hildegarde Withers and Insp. Oscar Piper.	Gossipy gush about studios and stars may amuse some, but slows up thrilling yarn with clever and original payoff.	60-40
AND SO HE HAD TO DIE *Donald Clough Cameron* (Holt: $2.)	Lethal blade finds heart of scared plutocrat hiding out in East Side mission and lanky Abelard Voss finds the killer.	Plot well constructed, backgrounds—lush and lowly—well handled; but Abelard gives one reader pain in neck.	Oh Heloise!
GOOD-NIGHT, SHERIFF *H. R. Steeves* (Random House: $2.)	Well-loved wife of New England doctor shot in woodland clearing. Insurance sleuth Patterson has stern job cut out for him.	Absence of rococo fixin's, and strict adherence to classic mystery story unities, plus prime character work, distinguish leisurely yarn.	Top-drawer

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TRADE WINDS

WE don't know why we're feeling so chipper today. Maybe it's the weather or the opening of the baseball season. At the opener, the President proved that his pitching arm is in fine shape. This news should bring cheer to Britain; we can foresee, as the Summer months roll around, the steady and straight pitching across the Atlantic with ships, planes, and other war materials. While on the subject, you may be interested in this bit of brief verse sent by Muriel Hine, the English novelist, to her American publishers, Appleton-Century:

THE LEASE AND LEND BILL
What do you lease?
Beyond material aid
A Spirit unafraid
Until Dictators cease.

What do you lend?
A sympathy so true
That we can say of you
There stands a friend.

★ ★

☞Song publishers generally have had the field to themselves in choosing odd titles for many of their songs. *Beat Me Daddy—Eight to the Bar* and *Scrub Me Momma to the Boogie Beat* are two of the more colorful ones and what in the world they mean, we don't know. But the rug-cutters love 'em and perhaps F. A. Stokes are taking a tip from the boys and girls who swing in the aisles. Their candidate for the most unusual title of the year is *And Beat Him When He Sneezes* by Claire MacMurray. Miss MacMurray, columnist of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* fits the title to her book about her own trio of young sons. The book is scheduled for May 23. Statistics: the two songs mentioned above have reached sales of more than 200,000.

★ ★

☞Add to the growing and distinguished list of the River Series, Henry Seidel Canby's *The Brandywine,* which Farrar & Rinehart have just published. Dr. Canby, who founded *The Saturday Review,* was born and brought up in the Brandywine country. Unlike many of the other streams in the Rivers of America series, the Brandywine is small and the events that occurred along it, though highly important and beginning long before the famous Battle of the Brandywine, have been less impersonal than those connected with the great waterways of the nation.

★ ★

☞*Books, Authors, and Kindred Amenities* is a new and breezy journal of book notes published by Rutgers University Press. We like its casualness and its information. In its latest issue we find some amazing quotations from a forthcoming book, *Criminal Law in New Jersey,* by Samuel P. Orlando, prosecutor for Camden (N. J.) County. In addition to the peculiarities of Jersey City, Mayor Hague, and Hoboken there are also twists and quirks in Jersey justice, as illustrated by the following:

A advises and persuades B to rob X. B gets C to drive him to X's house so that B can rob X. After the robbery B goes to D's house, where D, knowing of the robbery, gives B a place to hide. A is an accessory before the fact; B is principal of the first degree; C is a principal of the second degree; and D is an accessory after the fact.

Another is:

A throws a stone at a horse which B is riding, causing the horse to jump. Held: A is guilty of a battery on B, even though B is not injured.

And one more:

D throws a heavy beer glass at X, causing X's death. Held: D's act in throwing the glass was such as naturally would tend to toward great bodily harm and from which malice could be implied, sufficient to constitute murder.

There, that ends Law for today.

★ ★

☞*Anglo-American Union,* a title which the University of Pennsylvania Press will publish in June, should interest all who believe the destiny of democracy lies in closer association of English-speaking peoples. Surprisingly enough, it is not a product of current thought, but consists of seven plans proposed by Joseph Calloway during the American Revolution for a legislative union of the Colonies and England. Julian P. Boyd, Librarian of Princeton University, as editor of the book, writes an introduction to these plans, six of which have never been published before.

★ ★

☞Robert M. McBride & Company announce a $1,500 Prize Novel Contest open to all writers under forty years of age. The novel must be based on material of the American scene, past or present. The closing date of the contest is July 1, 1941; writers who desire to enter their manuscripts should write to McBride's, 116 East 16th Street, New York City, for further information.

★ ★

☞W. Somerset Maugham, in his *Books and You,* wrote that he would like to see, in a convenient volume, an anthology of Shakespeare's plays and poems to which "I could always turn when I wanted the cream of all poetry." No sooner said then done, for George Ryland's arrangement of *William Shakespeare—The Ages of Man* is a superb anthology with index and notes that gives students and scholars the greatest passages from the greatest of poets. The anthology is divided into three books under Youth, Manhood, and Age.

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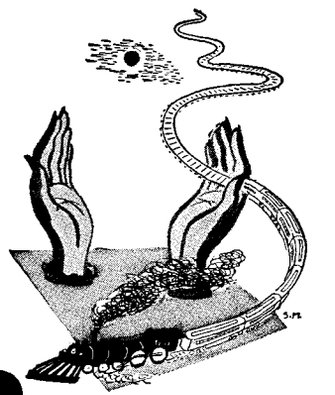

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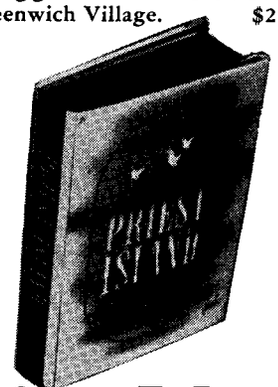

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				1- I	2- L	3- W	4- H		5- C	6- W	7- A	8- K	9- B	10- F	11- L	
12- U	13- V	14- W	15- G	16- Y	17- Q		18- I	19- E	20- A		21- N	22- H	23- T	24- F	25- J	26- M
27- Z	28- Y	29- G		30- V	31- K		32- N	33- Q	34- A	35- R	36- H	37- B	38- O		39- O	40- Q
41- E		42- G	43- K	44- I	45- T		46- W	47- Y	48- D	49- X	50- P		51- E	52- B	53- K	54- I
	55- V	56- F	57- N	58- E	59- A	60- R	61- U		62- K	63- A	64- D		65- J	66- X	67- O	68- T
	69- I	70- V	71- Q		72- T	73- F	74- M	75- P	76- O	77- X		78- Z	79- G	80- H	81- Q	82- T
	83- V	84- R		85- Q	86- B	87- C		88- V	89- Z	90- L	91- C	92- Y		93- M	94- E	95- L
96- R		97- D	98- N	99- J	100- I	101- E	102- X		103- L	104- D	105- F	106- Z	107- W		108- E	109- N
	110- E	111- I	112- B	113- K		114- Z	115- T	116- L	117- J	118- O	119- F	120- R	121- U	122- X	123- P	124- H
	125- B	126- V	127- N	128- E		129- K	130- U	131- N	132- R	133- O		134- D	135- C	136- M	137- Z	
138- I	139- C	140- R	141- B		142- Q	143- S	144- B		145- T	146- N		147- C	148- V		149- F	150- G
151- Q	152- B		153- M	154- H	155- G	156- X	157- P	158- W	159- O	160- Y	161- A		162- E	163- Q	164- I	
165- T	166- B	167- W	168- P	169- S	170- H		171- M	172- Z	173- H	174- A	175- J	176- O		177- R	178- Q	179- U
180- S		181- C	182- B	183- E		184- W	185- O	186- Y								

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 9 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. "Artful Dodger" ("Oliver Twist").

B. Compiler of "The Adventurer" (1752-4).

C. Apt in speech.

D. Abyssinian battle (1896).

E. Carpathian division of Little Russians.

F. Scathingly.

G. God.

H. Midday.

I. Possessing a mania for.

J. Gives utterance to.

K. Tip, gratuity (from China).

L. Novel by Scott.

M. Pretend.

N. Magellan's globe-encircling ship.

O. Prohibitory decree.

P. English translator (1535-1601).

Q. City in Sweden.

R. Humbug.

S. River in Abyssinia.

T. Curtail.

U. Blackened, smutty.

V. Salishan tribe Indian on Yakima reservation.

W. Unfinished beginning.

X. Sedulous.

Y. Snared.

Z. American woman novelist (1874-).

WORDS

20 34 174 59 7 63 161

86 166 125 9 141 37 144 52 152 112 182

91 139 5 147 87 135 181

134 64 104 97 48

162 183 94 51 128 41 110 101 19 58 108

105 73 56 119 24 10 149

29 79 150 155 15 42

124 173 80 36 170 22 154 4

138 18 44 164 54 69 100 111 1

175 117 25 99 65

8 43 53 31 113 62 129

116 2 103 90 95 11

153 93 171 136 26 74

21 98 109 127 146 131 57 32

67 159 39 76 176 133 118 185 38

168 123 157 75 50

33 40 85 163 71 142 81 151 178 17

84 132 35 140 177 60 120 96

169 180 143

72 115 145 68 82 23 165 45

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122 77 66 156 102 49

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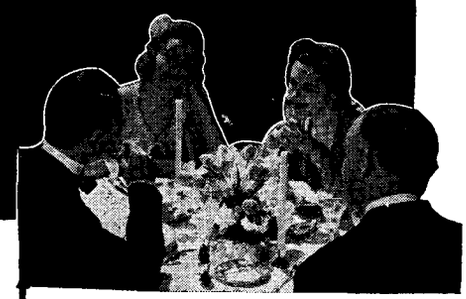

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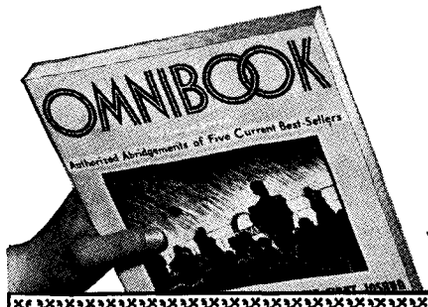

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